

Behind sedentary

It should be remembered that drowning is not limited to deep-water situations like sea, tanks, rivers, lakes, wells etc. In wet drowning, that is, drowning from the lungs filling, children may simply fall in ponds or lakes while playing near their banks. Yes, it is usually children who die from drinking in this shallow water on Occident.

* It should be noted that adults under the influence of drink and drugs might also on occasion, fall face down into this shallow water and die.

* It should also be noted, that suicides are a different case. Suicides push and press themselves into this very same shallow water, never naturally, often in a pail or a cistern.

It should be remembered that drowning is not limited to water situations. Dead bodies are commonly found immersed in other fluids in all manner of places and circumstances. In some situations, like in our dreams and nightmares, one does not even have to get wet.

Wet drowning, when the larynx relaxes and water enters the lungs and one regurgitates one's stomach contents and breathes said contents into those very same lungs, leads one to have no pleasant recollections if or when resuscitated.

Dry drowning, when water does not even enter the lungs but thick mucus, foam and froth develop to form a kind of plug where nothing gets in or out, leads one to have panoramic views of past life and pleasant dreams without distress.

The pail in my dream is filled half way with fresh milk. The level of the milk is too low to reach the top of the pail. The sides of the pail are too high to climb out. The young girl and the young boy in my dream, kick and swim in circles until both become tired. They hold each other and use their legs to push off the bottom and kick with all their might until they come to the surface again. They are so afraid, and they are so tired. They just want to rest. But every time they quit kicking, they sink into the milk again and start to drown. They try to close their eyes just to rest for a few seconds, but only sink to the bottom of the pail where their nostrils fill with milk and they cannot breathe.

♪ They take spasmodic breaths, draggin that stupid milk further into their mouths and right up to their windpipe. The milk touching their vocal cords triggers an immediate contraction in the muscles around their larynx. Oh it's that choking game, that american dream, bearing down, bear hugging that altered state of half consciousness, becoming so powerful that it threatens all reflex ♪

The pail in my american dream is getting ready for a grey out but the young boy and the young girl do not give in to this fear or their tired legs. They do not give in to this prospect of ♪ *asphyxiation intoxication everyone get ready, trains gonna leave the station.*♪ They kick and they kick and they kick and they kick and they kick and they kick and they kick and they kick and they kick until something strange happens. The milk begins to turn thicker around them. At first, this makes kicking even harder. The thickened milk tries to suck them to the bottom of the pail. It is so hard that the skin of their hands and feet loosens and begins to peel off like fishnets, and it is harder than ever to swim and to kick. But still, they do not give in to that sweet hallucination.

Finally, the milk turns thick enough that they can stand on top of it instead of sinking in. The milk has been turned into butter through all the kicking and turning and churning. They are able to climb out to safety and return to their family and home. Their home that is not theirs in the first place. Front doors open and little boys and girls run toward them, excited to find out what they are experiencing. The brass band plays Jefferson Airplane and they sit on a bench in the village square, coughing and vomiting with weeds, stones, etc firmly grasped in their hands.